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THE OBSERVATOR.

Remarks on the Dublin *Preſentment. A Gag for a Church Owl. A Story of a* Gooſe, *told by Gaffer* Gooſe-Cap. *Remarks on the* Rehearſal.

From **Wednesday** January the 2d, to **Saturday** January the 5th, 1706.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, will you give us a ſmall Preachment on the Honeſt *Iriſh Jurymens* Preſentment? It may be uſeful, tho' you get nothing by it.

Obſ. If it be only to gratifie you, *Roger*, I ſhall do it. For a good Friend that keeps a good *Chriſtmas*, and drinks the *Queens* Health every Day, in generous *October*, ought not to be Deſpiſed.

I need not make any Encomiums on this *Preſentment*, the thing it ſelf declares its own Merrit; and all good Men muſt own thoſe *Jurymen* to be good *Subjects* and good *Proteſtants*. What I ſhall ſay to this Text, ſhall be only by way of Encouragement to *Engliſh Jurors* to take the ſame care of the *Queens* Intereſt, and that of the *Proteſtant* Religion.

I hope my Country-men will not take it amiſs if I inform them of their Negligence, in having ſo little Regard to the growth of *Popery* in *England*. I don't now ſpeak only to *Grand-Jurymen*, whoſe utmoſt Power is to Preſent Grievances, and things dangerous to the *State*, the *Lives*, *Liberties* and *Religion* of *Engliſhmen*; but I ſpeak to all that have a Power to Redreſs theſe Grievances, that are Authorized to put the *Laws* in Execution againſt *Papiſts*, who as Induſtriouſly Conſult our *Ruin* in *England*, as their *Holy Father* at *Rome* does the *Embarraſſement* of the Confederacy, who, with his *Popelings*, has been a great *Remora* to our Succeſſes Abroad.

I can't be brought over to a belief that my Country-men have forgot the *Gun-Powder-Treaſon*, the *Iriſh Maſſacre*, and the *Popiſh Plot* in the Reign of King *Charles* the 2d. or that they imagine the *Popiſh Wolves* are grown Tame Creatures, have their Claws pared, and are leſs deſirous of *Proteſtant* Blood, than thoſe of their Predeceſſors; no, I cannot believe my Country-men Abandoned to ſuch a Stupidity as this comes to.

I rather believe it proceeds from want of Conſideration and due Obſervance of Affairs; from neglect of Enquiry into the Preſent Danger of *Popery* in *England*; and a fatal belief that we are now more ſafe, more ſecure from *Popery* than formerly, being in Alliance with *Popiſh* Powers. I hope it may be well taken from *One* that has Suffer'd, and does at preſent Suffer from *Popiſh* Influence in this Reign, to Undeceive my Fellow Natives in this Point.

The Preſent War in *Hungary* I ſhall omit to mention, and the ill Treatment of the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Mozelle*, this laſt Campaign, as general Inſtances; but certain it is, our Confederacy with *Popiſh* Powers has given the Brood of *Ignatius*, and other Prieſts of that Religion, a better Inlet into *England* than in former times. We are not, perhaps, ſo ſtrict in examining the Retinue of Ambaſſadors as formerly. I need not tell ſome People that Monſeiur *Pouſin*, Brother to that *Pouſin* which made ſuch a Noiſe not long ago in *England*, paſs'd as a Servant to an Ambaſſador, and when we conſider that one *Pennington*, a Notorious Virulent *Roman Catholick*, at *Rotterdam*, has the Diſpoſal of the Paſſes for *England*, we may conclude, without Violence to *Charity*, that he has furniſh'd us with not a few *Popelings*, ſince he has been in that Poſt. I ſhould ſtartle you, Honeſt *Country-man*, ſhould I tell you the Numbers I have been inform'd of.

If any one is pleaſed to take a view of our *Danger* of *Popery*, let him repair on a *Sunday* to the *Portugal* Ambaſſadors Chappel, where he may ſee 50 or 60 Coaches, and every Horſe in thoſe Coaches forfeited to the Government by Law: And there he may ſee vaſt Numbers of Her Majeſties Subjects attending at the *Communion*, the Prieſts being ſo well ply'd with *Devotes*, that the firſt Man has voided his God in the *Bog-Houſe*, before the laſt has digeſted his on his *Stomach*. I have known the time when our *Conſtables* have ſtood at thoſe Places, with their Staffs of Authority, and have Apprehended the Subjects of *England*, as coming thither, and would ſuffer none to enter in; but now, perhaps, they are affraid of doing ſo, leſt Mr. *Envoy* ſhould complain againſt 'em.

You find the *Dublin* Preſentment is occaſioned by a Club, or Meeting, kept at the *Swan-Tavern* in that City. How many, I may ſay Hundreds of 'em, are kept within the *Liberties* of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and the *Burrough* of *Southwark*, without any Notice being taken of them. You know I once Deſcover'd a Club of *German* and other *Papiſts*, at the *Laſt* in *Black-Fryers*, where, when the Confederates had met with any Diſadvantage, they us'd to Sing *Te Deum*, and ſound their Trumpets out of the Windows, with other Rejoycings. Here they kept a Fund of Money, Collected among the *Papiſts*, for no good Ends and Purpoſes, without doubt.

And what became of all this? Why, *Miniſter Hog*, whoſe Buſineſs it was to look after ſuch Cabals, became their *Solicitor*, and went up to the *Secretary of State* on their behalf; and the Magiſtracy of the City of *London* took no Notice of it. And for my part, you know ſoon after I was Indicted at the *Old-Bayly*, for Writing againſt the *Papiſts*, where *Miniſter Hog* Solicited againſt me, affronting the *Jury*, telling them *That they muſt find the Bill, and that the* Attorney-General *and* Solicitor General *waited till they had done it*. And after the *Grand Jury* had thrown out the *Bill*, He, *Miniſter Hog*, cauſed Mr. *How*, and Mr. *Bragge* to be bound over, as Evidence againſt me, ſome People would not have thought this *Legal* in ſome *Reigns*.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, and you are now a ſecond time Proſecuted on Account of the *Papiſhes*, and I hope you will have as Honeſt a *Jury* as you had then. But I remember at that time, when

Swinamite

Swinamite Robbin Solicited so hard against you, that he Solicited as earnestly for some Fellows, come from *France*, that you said ought to be Hang'd, and I think he got 'em Discharged.

Obs. If the People of *England* will not consider the Point, I can't help it; but surely we are ever in *Danger* from the *Papists*, and more now, since the new Sect of *Memoralists* are sprung up, who heartily joyn with them in Respect to *Government*, and are a like Enemies to the *Queens Right*. When Envoys of *Popish* Pinces shall procure Prosecutions against *Englishmen* that have done their *Queen* and *Country* the truest Service, and that for pretended Misdemeanours, of which the *Laws* of our Land han't the least Cognizance, and by the most Wretched and Arbitrary *Innuendo's* cannot appear but *si Populus vult dicipi dicipiatur*. However, I'll take what care I can, as a good *Subject*, and a true Lover of my *Country*, in time to let my *Country-men* hear a little more of this Subject, it may, perhaps, be to my Disadvantage, but if it be for the Publick Good, I have my End. --- What hast brought from *London*, Honest *Country-man?*

Country-m. Master, can you say BO to a Goose?

Obs. Yes; and that I hope without any Ground of Complaint. But what dost mean by thy Question?

Country-m. Here's Mr. *Rehearsal* tells a Story of a Man that was Punished for saying *BO* to his own *Goose*. I heard 'em talking of it at a *Perkinite* Coffee-House: The Story, in short, is this; He says a Fellow Stole a *Goose* and carry'd it to a Private *Accademy*, the Countryman followed the Person that Stole the *Goose*, and he was admitted to Search the House, and particularly the Study of the Person that Stole the *Goose*, but no *Goose* could be found. Now, it seems the Young Fellow had hung the *Goose* out at a Window by a String, which Mr. *Rehearsal* calls a Gagging a *Gorse*, and so they made a *Goose* of the poor Country Fellow.

Now, I told the *Perkinites* that the Story was true, and yet it was a Damn'd Lie. A young Schollar did Steal a *Goose* after that manner, but he ran with it to the *Varsity*, and not to the Private *Accademy*; for when that *Goose* was Stole, there was not one Private *Accademy* in *England*, and that the *Goose-Felony* had never been Recorded, but that 'twas a *Mythe-Goose*. And farther I told 'em that *Lesley*, Author of the *Rehearsal*, was a *Non-Juror*, and would not take the Oaths to he *Queen*, and that might serve as a Gagg to a *High-Church-Owl*.

Obs. What's the matter with Mr. *Rehearsal?* He was bred up by Feeding on *Irish Potatoes*, and has a long time been Feeding on *Hebrew* Roots; but I find he's minded to keep his *Christmas* on *Goose*. Prithee let me see his Paper, I han't Read one of 'em a long time.

Country-m. Here it is. He and his *Country-man* are woundy Merry, according to the Examples set them by Honest *Roger* and his Master. But they talk over a Pot of Ale, a natty Foggy Liquor, and that makes 'em so Dull and Nonsencical.

Obs. Truly, Gaffer *Goose-Cap* has made a long Preachment about Gagging a *Goose*; but if ever he happens into the *Seminary of Banditi*, as he calls 'em, they won't Beat him as the *Frenchman* Beat his Boy for *Tinking*, but for *Lying*.

But, Honest *Country-man*, I find Mr. *Rehearsal*, Number 72, is turning *Cat* in the *Pan*, and would Wheadle us into a Belief of I know not what; he does not Talk as he us'd to do. These *Votes* and *Addresses*, God bless the *Parliament*, have had a wonderful Influence. He now tells you, *The* Church *is in no* Danger *from the* Queen, *and that he never thought so.* Why then did he stand out in *Rebellion* against the *Queen*, and refuse to take the Oaths to Her Majesty to this very Day? This is a strange sort of *Inconsistency*, to tell us, *That no Man can doubt of the* Queens *Affection to the* Church, and at the same time be disaffected to the *Queen*, and deny Her that *Homage* and *Fealty* which the *Laws* enjoyn. This is *High-Church Hocus Pocus Divinity* with a Witness.

He tells you, *If there is any* Danger *to the* Church, *it is from the Multitude of* Scandalous Papers *and* Pamphlets *that fly about, rendring the* Church *the Jest and Abhorrence of the* Populace. I am bound only to Vindicate my own Paper from their *Malicious Aspersions*; and let the *Readers* Vouch for me, whether ever I Reflected on the *Church*, I mean the *True Moderate-Church* of *England:* No, on the contrary, I have paid the greatest Respect to the *Church*, and to the Right Reverend, and Reverend, the *Prelates*, the Pillars thereof.

Indeed we had a *High-Church* set up in Opposition to this *Church*, composed of an inconsiderable Company of Men; without either *Sense*, *Religion*, *Morality* or *Manners*. This *Church*, perhaps, I expos'd, and not without *Reason*, when they were so Impudent in their *Memorial*, as to threaten us with *Rebellion*, and that they would *Rouse* their *Natures* against the *Queen* and *Government*. If there are any Papers that Reflect on the Act of *Uniformity*, let the Authors stand the Test; that's none of my Business.

Mr. *Rehearsal* takes upon him to explain the meaning of *Parliament*; and tells us, *That Voting no* Danger *to the* Church, *was forbidding both sides to meddle with it.* I know none that question'd the *Churches Danger* but the *High-Flyers* and *Non-Jurors*, these are the People I concieve are aim'd at in those *Votes*; for we can't think they mean those that have Written to prove that the *Church* is in no *Danger* under Her Majesties Administration. But Observe, Honest *Country-man*, he plys about with poor *Forty One*; 'tis not *Lesley's* Paper if *Forty One* ben't in it; and thee and I, and the rest of the People, have no more to do with *Forty One*, than we have to do with the *Man* in the *Moon*, or *Lesley* has to do with *God Almighty*.

By my Consent, *Lesley* should be Punish'd if he can't prove that there is *A* Mint, *a* Fund, *a* Bank *set up, to furnish every Day in the Week with fresh Libels against the* Church.

Should I have said thus much after the *Votes of Parliament*, it would have amounted to an *Information* in the *Court of Queens-Bench* against me; But he that runs down the Power of *Parliament* by Wholesale, may be over-look'd in trespassing against a *Vote*.

But he's very foolish, and talks like himself, when he says, *That setting ones Name to a Paper is a defiance to Justice.* I think 'tis Justice it self, that if the *Government* wants an Author, they know where to find him: And Papers, such as *Lesleys*, without any Name to 'em, may well be esteemed as *Libels*; it shows their Authors to be Men that *Libel* in the *Dark*, and that they dare not own in *Publick*, what they Write in *Private*. But more of Mr. *Lesley* the next time we meet.

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WHereas it appears that a great many People have had the Misfortune to lose their Sight, by Reason of many Distempers incident to the Eyes, whose Misery is sometimes owing to their own Negligence, in not seeking for help in time, and too often to the Ignorance of the Undertakers: This is therefore to Inform the Publick, that at the *Golden-Ball* in *Gravel-lane*, *Southwark*, Lives *R. Grant*, an Approved and Sworn Occulist, whose Judgment in the Opticks has been sufficiently Demonstrated, as appears by the many Cures he has performed, several Gentlemen and others having been restored to perfect Sight, tho' look'd upon as Incurable by others. He Cures all Distempers in the Eyes, proceeding from what Cause soever, if Cureable, the Scrofulous or Kings Evil it self, tho' of 20 Years continuance, and will not take any in Hand that he looks upon otherwise. He may be spoke with from Eight in the Morning till Twelve.

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* She is Removed from the *Glass-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-against Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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